

INDIAN NEWS.

FURTHER ANTICS OF THE GOVERNMENT'S PETS.

Cochise County Sends an Earnest Appeal to President Cleveland.

Bisbee in a Ferment of Excitement Over the Butchery of W. A. Daniels.

Cochise county is now the seat of war for the blood-thirsty Apaches. On Monday last, W. A. Daniels, mounted Custom house inspector, came into town and reported that he had just crossed a new Indian trail, going in the direction of Sandy Bob's ranch. Sandy Bob immediately sent a posse of men to the ranch, but when they got to the ranch they found that no Indians had been to the ranch, although they saw plenty of fresh tracks and Indian signs near the ranch. Some of the men have returned, while the balance remained to guard the ranch. Bill Daniels, started out that same afternoon, in company with two other men, and having struck a fresh trail on Flores's ranch commenced to follow it. They followed the trail about one mile to the mouth of the canyon, when it became evident that the Indians were very close. Bidding men remain where they were, Daniels started up the canyon to reconnoiter, and had only been gone a few minutes, when the Indians, who were hidden behind the rocks, and who had evidently been watching the movements of Daniels and his party, opened fire upon him, killing him instantly, they then opened fire on the two men at the mouth of the canyon but did not hit them. The men then made their way to Bisbee, about six miles distant, and gave the alarm, and some forty men started at once for the scene of the murder. When they arrived at the canyon they soon found the body of poor Daniels, with the top of his head blown off, and his throat cut from ear to ear. The body of this brave man was removed to Bisbee, and word sent to Tombstone, after a coffin, which was sent out at once, and the brave Bill Daniels was buried this afternoon.

At about 8 o'clock this morning, Jas. Neil, a business man of Bisbee, came in and stated that the miners and in fact, the entire male population of Bisbee had turned out, and had headed the Indians off, and had sent him into Tombstone for volunteers to march upon the red devils from this side.

When the death of Daniels had become generally known, the excitement beggars description, men were running here and there, getting horses and arms so that they could take the field at once, while others stood in knots and discussed the situation, and cursed Crook and his damnable cowardly policy.

At about 10:30, about 35 of our best citizens, well armed and well mounted, with several days rations, started for the mule mountains, where they expect to find some of the renegades.

At noon, Mayor Chas. N. Thomas with a following of 15 tried and true men, started out on a large four horse wagon for the neighborhood in which it is supposed the Indians are, and when they arrive there, will guard every pass, and will make it warm for any Indians that the citizens of Bisbee may drive through from the other side.

At 2 o'clock another party headed by Thad Empey, started out in a four horse wagon, it being impossible to procure any more saddle horses.

A little later, another party headed by Tom Atchison, started in Bothin & Tweed's delivery wagon for Tribble's ranch. They took saddles and provisions with them, and will get horses at the ranch, when they will take the trail. Every man that has went out has taken his blankets and provisions with him, and announced his intention of following the trail until they have had Indian blood for the blood that has been shed by the murdered men, women and children of this and our sister territory of New Mexico.

General Crook, that old imbecile, and his soldiers, have not afforded us a particle of relief, and in fact we do not know of a soldier anywhere in Cochise county, except at Fort Huachuca, where they are doing nothing.

The following is a copy of a dispatch sent to President Cleveland this morning
Tombstone, June 10, 1885.
To Grover Cleveland, President of the United States. Sir—Our county has been raided for the past week by a band of 100 Indians from the San Carlos reservation,

who have been stealing stock and killing ranchers, and last night they killed Mr. W. A. Daniels, mounted Custom house inspector. We have troops in the county, but they are incompetent to do us any good. Will you help us. Signed, A. T. Jones, County Recorder. R. S. Hutton, Sheriff. A. J. Riffert, County Treasurer. J. C. Eastman, Collector Customs. J. P. Clem, Postmaster.

A telegram was also sent to the commanding officer at Fort Huachuca, asking that a company of troops be sent to Bisbee at once. If this telegram is acted upon at all, there will be no troops show up until the danger is all over.

James Laidler, authorizes us to state that he has a good extra horse, arms, ammunition and grub, which he will furnish to any good man, who will take the Indians trail with him and stay with it until the Indians that are off the reservation are all wiped out. He can be found at Soldier Hole any time for a week. It means business, and is anxious to start as soon as possible.

We believe that this is a new lot of Indians from the San Carlos reservation, and the people of this territory should hold Agent Ford personally responsible for the murders that are now being committed, for he has deliberately lied to the people of this territory by sending out the report every day that no Indians have left the reservation. He should be treated to a dose of hemp, and that as once.

Mr. Farrish, sent a posse of men out to the Huachuca to protect his family who are camping out in the mountains, he being afraid to bring them in at present.

Attempted Suicide.
Sometime early this morning W. H. Davis, who had been found guilty of murder at the present term of court, attempted to take his life by taking strychnine. It was at first believed that it had been smuggled to him by some one, but this theory was soon knocked in the head by letters found in his cell, and the following is a synopsis:

"Don't blame any one for this, as I have had the poison all time since January 10."

"W. H. Davis."

A reporter in conversation with Sheriff Hatch gleaned the following:
Sometime since Sheriff Hatch, to be sure that nothing in the shape of weapons or poison had been smuggled into the jail, made a thorough search of the prison, and was unable to find anything, and since which time he has had a close watch kept on Davis. In conversation with Davis he says that on hearing of the search, he at once placed the poison in the collar of his coat, but after ward fearing that it might be found there he placed it in the sole of his shoe, from where he took it last night and attempted to take his own life. Other than a little sickness from the effects of the poison, the prisoner is getting on very well.

Early this morning Miss Della Clark, alias "Shoo Fly," attempted to take her life by taking poison, but was discovered in time and the doctors sent for, who, by the aid of a stomach pump, soon relieved the would-be suicide of the poison.

The Well on the Desert.

The Artesian well being sunk at White Plains, Humboldt county, by the C. P. Railroad company is now 2300 feet below the surface. At that point a body of salt water was struck of such remarkable density that the tools used in sinking the well are said to float in it. They are now engaged in putting down rubber tubing outside of the 4-inch pipe for the purpose of shutting out this water. Should the C. P. Railroad succeed in obtaining a supply of fresh water at this point, Artesian wells will be sunk at several points along the line of the road for the purpose of reclaiming the vast tract of land known as the Humboldt desert, extending from Wadsworth on the east to Rose creek on the west, a distance of ninety miles in length by forty in breadth, bounded on the north by the Humboldt range and including in its boundaries an area of over 2,000,000—Virginia Chronicle.

A Good Idea.

Secretary Lamar has received at Washington a letter from James K. Metcalf, of Silver City, N. M., a gentleman who has had much experience in the management of Indians, suggesting a solution of the difficulties at the San Carlos reservation. His plan is as follows: Send all the soldiers to the reservation. Let them take charge of every woman and child on the reservation. Then say to the bucks: "You must bring in these hostile Indians, dead or alive, or your wives and children will be taken to a far off land where you will never see them again." "Take my word for it," the writer says, "in less than two months the trouble will end. Require them to bring the live Indian or his head. Send a few Mexicans along to see that they do not bring in Mexican heads—they are no fools in cunning. When the hostile bucks are brought in try and execute one who was on the warpath and do it in the presence of all the Indians."—Star.
This is a very good suggestion. But as long as that old fossil Crook is there it will never be done.

DESPERATE MEN.

AQUARTETTE OF CRACKS—MEN SURPRISED.

A Running Fight Between the Sedalia Police and a Party of Burglars.

An Officer Seriously Wounded and a Knight of the Jimmy is Laid Out.

A dispatch to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat from Sedalia, Mo., says: About 8 o'clock this morning, W. A. Zimmerman, engineer at Zimmerman & Hart's flouring mills, and son of the proprietor, discovered an unknown man breaking into the office of Barclay Bros. laundry, situated on the southeast corner of Main and Vermont streets, opposite the mills. After they had entered the office young Zimmerman blew his police whistle, which had the effect of bringing the burglars outside; but after a few minutes' waiting, without discovering any one, they again entered the office. Young Zimmerman then told the firemen to look out for the engine for a few moments, and ran up town. Police Officer McGinnis at the Pacific restaurant having heard, he called him out and told him of the attempted burglary, and the two, accompanied by A. J. Gossage, who happened to be there, started down toward Barclay's works. At the corner of Main and Oregon they met Officer Fifer, who, on learning of their mission, went with them to the corner of Main and Vermont streets, where they proceeded down the block to Vermont street, while Officer Fifer passed south on Main to the way he passed Main and Second, and thence west to Vermont street, coming out at the rear of the laundry. When 34 Ave reached the Vermont street junction he crossed to the south side of Main street, which brought him directly in front of the office. As he stepped upon the sidewalk he discovered the figure of a man lying prostrate beneath the south window of the Vermont street front of the office, not more than 15 feet from him, with a revolver in his hand. Leveling his own revolver upon the prostrate figure the officer commanded him to "drop that gun and throw up your hands."

"Don't shoot," cried the burglar, at the same time rising to a half erect position.

Officer McGinnis commanded him to throw up his hands, but instead of doing so the burglar turned suddenly about and started to run south from the officer. McGinnis followed him, calling him to stop and throw up his hands, and at the same moment the burglar saw Officer Fifer coming toward him at about 15 feet distant and opened fire upon him with his revolver, which was a Colt's self-loading .38-calibre, at the same time calling out: "Don't shoot me! don't shoot me!" Three shots were fired in rapid succession by the burglar, the first passing through Officer Fifer's hat rim, the second striking him in the left lower jaw and penetrating to the neighborhood of the throat. As the officer fell the third shot passed over his head. Rapidly recovering himself, however, Officer Fifer rose on his knees and fired at the burglar with fatal effect. Just as Officer McGinnis reached his side and grasped his pistol, the ball striking him in the left breast above the nipple, and ranging downward and backward passed through the lung, the left lobe of the heart and penetrated the spinal column. The burglar fell dead at McGinnis's feet.

At this moment one of the three who had been hiding came to the corner of the office and fired at McGinnis, who wheeled in pursuit of the now fleeing trio, who kept up a fusillade upon the officer, who, after pursuing him for some distance, turned back to look after his injured comrade, who was found to be dangerously wounded. Officer Prentiss, who had heard the firing, arrived about this time, and remained with the body of the dead burglar while the wounded man was taken to the station to have his wounds dressed. Before morning the coroner arrived on the scene, and after viewing the body, had it removed to an undertaking establishment, where a post-mortem examination was held and a verdict returned that "That the deceased, whose name is unknown to this jury, came to his death from the effects of a gunshot, received at the hands of Officer George Fifer while in the faithful discharge of his official duty; and we, the jury, further find the shooting to be a justifiable homicide."

An examination of the office inside revealed the fact that the burglars had not been idle, they having succeeded in drilling a quarter of an inch hole through the safe directly in front of the combination, and had prepared to insert the powder in the hole, which lay on the floor. In their hasty flight they left behind them all their tools and dark lantern, and on the person of the deceased was found a complete outfit of burglars' tools, including files, saws, skeleton keys, etc.

Over 1,000 persons have viewed the corpse since, but no one has been able to identify it. All that is known for certain is that he has been in the city since last Thursday, and has been seen about the saloons and depots. He is a man of about 25 years of age, light hazle eyes, dark hair and mustache, well-built and high, receding forehead. There were no papers or letters about his person to give aid to his identity.

Among the callers to view the corpse were two who claimed to recognize him. One of

them claimed that his name was John Lockman; that he was a blacksmith by trade, and was in Sedalia about a year ago seeking work. "Has he a scar on his left arm, just above the elbow?" asked a stranger of the undertaker, after gazing in his face.

"Yes, sir," replied the functionary. "Why do you ask?"

"Because he looks to me like a cow boy I knew on the plains two years ago, while herding cattle. He was shot through the arm with an arrow by the Indians, and his name was Ernest Barnhard."

The description given of the wound answered that on the dead man, but the man could not positively identify the body.

No trace has yet been discovered of his accomplices, though every effort is being made to do so.

Up to midnight the excitement has been most intense, hundreds of people being gathered about the streets discussing the tragedy. A telegram from Warrensburg announced that Conductor Merrifield had arrested the second (most important) member of the gang, proved to be a false rumor.

Fourth of July.

Mayor Thomas authorizes us to state that there will be a grand celebration of the day, commencing with the blowing of the city bells Friday evening at 8 o'clock, at the City Hall to make arrangements for a most elaborate celebration. Every citizen and business man in town should be present without fail at this meeting. Let us have a celebration worthy of the occasion.

Notice.

Horses taken on pasture at reasonable rates at the California ranch, 15 miles from Tombstone. Good feed, water and shelter. For particulars apply to J. M. Nash, at the Red Pine bakery on Allen street.

Notice to the Public.

Give the new tailoring establishment a trial. I guarantee perfect satisfaction, or no pay demanded. All work done at short notice. Don't fail to see him. Chas. Harris, Bauer's hotel block on Fourth street.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the late John Pascoe, are requested to come forward and settle at once at the Fashion saloon, or the amounts will be placed in the hands of a collector.

Wine, Keno, wines, liquors and cigars at the Bank Exchange.

Beet on All Sides.

By malaria how shall we escape the dread infection is the question which the denizens of fever and ague districts ask themselves. The answer comes from former sufferers who for periodic scourge, through the visitations of the influence of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. When the necessity for using preventive measures arises, use this means preventive measures arise use this means of prevention at once. It regulates the liver; facilitates digestion and liberates impurities from the system, when such exist, by promoting healthful action of the bowels and kidneys. Act early. In all regions where malarial vapors breed disease, it is absolutely necessary to be provided with a safeguard, and this is true, though a sojourn in such localities is destined to be brief. No one can afford to breathe malaria for a short time. The Bitters is a sovereign specific for rheumatism, debility and nervousness. Keep it on hand.

Charles Harris comes to the front. I received to-day, the latest and finest and best pants patterns ever seen in Tombstone. If any gentleman wants a pair of pants made of the latest goods and perfect fit, I will guarantee it or no pay. Pants made from \$11 up to \$14. Come and examine my goods. It doesn't cost you a cent to examine my goods.

CHARLES HARRIS.

Bauer's Block, Fourth St. Tombstone 54ff.

Good News For the Ladies.

A. Schwartz, the most attentive shoe dealer, has just received one hundred and seventy five cases of shoes, including the latest styles of ladies imported French shoes, and also a large assortment of children and infant's shoes. Mr. Schwartz considers it no trouble to exhibit his stock to the ladies, and cordially invites them to call and examine his goods. 15

Lost or Strayed.

One buckskin horse, four years old, about 15 hands high. No brand. One black horse, 8 years old, about 14½ hands high, Mexican brand on left hip and J. H. on shoulder. The above were last seen on the ranch of Thomas Dunbar at Tres Alamos. A liberal reward will be paid for this return to the Fashion Stables.

Don't Forget.

All kinds of tailoring done. Clothes made, cleaned and repaired at the lowest living rates at the tailoring establishment of Chas. Harris, in Bauer's block, on Fourth street.

For a first-class livery team out call at the Fashion Stables. 24-2w.

OVER THE CITY.

WAR, GRIM-FACED WAR, ON THE RAMPAGE.

Two Attempts to Skip Mundane Cares Through the Agency of Poison.

A Bran-new Scheme to Get the Everlasting Sir ch on the Frisky Red Man.

Fine weather.

Mrs. C. S. Abbott and Mrs. Frank Abbott have gone to California.

Not an instrument was filed for record in the county recorder's office to-day.

Mark's playing and square games at the Crystal Palace.

W. H. Davis will receive his sentence to night at 7 o'clock.

The thermometer registered 90 degrees at noon to-day.

A. Schwartz shows fit as well that they make the horses smile.

Squabble and advertise in Turk Town, and in the people's paper.

Mr. G. B. Kairidge and W. A. McCallister departed for their homes in Benson this morning.

Don't take the Crystal Palace for choice. Anti-society men brought in a bill out of the people's German fountain.

We hope by to-morrow evening to be able to corroborate the death or capture of some of the murdering Apaches.

Get a pair of A. Schwartz's grata' walking shoes, and you will never need a corn doctor.

All the Bonzonites, with the exception of those on the jury and Bob Stewart returned to that burg to-day.

When you take your lady out, wear Schwartz's shoes, and you will feel easy and comfortable.

The funeral of the late W. A. Daniel it is understood will take place in Bisbee to-morrow.

Everybody is interested now as to whether we will celebrate the Fourth of July, and so is a Schwartz. He will furnish you the shoes to celebrate in.

C. Lind, San Francisco; J. Douglass, New York; H. M. Woods, Wilcox; Pat Mc Cormick, George Fritz, Bisbee; S. Friedman, Fairbank, are registered at the Occidental hotel.

The brute living on Eighth street, who amused himself by mopping the floor with his wife this morning, better walk a little straight, or he may be introduced to Mr. Tar and Mrs. Feather.

Pink, the one time leader of the sporting fraternity, is about to apply for the deputy pound mastership. Pink has already gained considerable notoriety in that line. In this connection we would say to the car who runs the sheet on Fremont street, to procure a muzzle.

The Bank Exchange saloon was closed this morning for repairs. It will remain closed for four or five days, during which time it will be refitted, and new billiard tables be placed therein, hand-somely papered and otherwise improved.

The citizens of this county will hold a grand mass meeting in this city next Saturday evening, to join with the people of Tucson in devising means to send some one to Washington to urge upon the government the necessity of removing the Indians to the Indian Territory.

There is one enterprising man in Tombstone, and you can see it by his opening up such a mammoth establishment right where the Grand restaurant was formerly. He keeps nothing but shoes. A. Schwartz has full confidence in Tombstone's prosperity.

Mr. Fortoulis is fitting up the store formerly occupied by A. Schwartz, as a cigar store. Mr. Fortoulis will leave in a few days for San Francisco, where he intends to purchase the finest stock of imported cigars and tobacco that has ever been brought to Tombstone. He expects to open his store the latter part of this month.

Fatty Stewart, left for Benson this morning. Sandy Bob took him down and charged him at the rate of three cents per pound. It cost Fatty nine dollars and forty five cents to get to Fairbanks. Fatty says that the county did not pay him jury fees, according to his weight, and that he will not come to Tombstone any more unless he gets paid by weight.

For Sale.

The counter, shelving, stools, range, and, in fact, all the fixtures of the Crystal Palace Restaurant, must be sold by the 10th. A rare chance; will be sold cheap. Apply at the Can Can restaurant. 24-2w.